

he, after riding a good way, and finding himself pretty well rested, got off, and pursued the rest of his journey on foot. He first, however, led the poor ass to a fine turf of grass, by the side of a clear pool, and there left him to enjoy himself.

“As he was walking on, he could not help reflecting on the goodness of Providence, who had that day made him so useful to others, and in consequence of which, others had been so useful to him. He now no longer doubted, but that God had created one creature for the use of another. He was indulging himself in these sentiments till his own home appeared at a distance; but how shall I express our little traveller’s affright, when, on looking round him, he saw a mad bull running furiously at him.

“Our poor little traveller ran as fast as he could, but the bull gained fast upon him, and would certainly have overtaken him, had not the little

dog had fed in the morning bit of his legs, and thereby drew off his attention from one object to another, which gave our traveller time to make his escape, and get home, when the little dog, to him, fawned upon him, and our traveller afterwards kept him as long as he lived.”

As soon as Amintor had finished reading this story, Florella could not help crying. She knew not which to admire, the goodness and humanity of the little traveller, or the amercement he received for all his actions. “What a deal of pleasure must take (said Florella) in that little dog that saved him from the jaws of the furious ox? And I dare say often visited the hollow tree, and saved him from the effects of that fatal storm.”